







## Miscellaneous Department.

### A PATTIE-CRY.

Sixty thousand voices  
call for a foot upon your neck,  
Another thousand voices  
call for a hand upon your back;

Smot'ry! bounds are on your neck,

Hunger, cold, and want, hard pack;

Send them home, hard-wark!

Down with Slavery!

Show your sons he slavery skin,

Shed their blood like lambskin;

Send them home, hard-wark!

Down with Slavery!

God the righteous blow,

Strike with all the strength ye know,

Let the slaves Melanch low;

Down with Slavery!

When we'll sit fat thunder rolls,

And the heavens are livid scrolls,

Tis too tame for ev'ry soul's;

Down with Slavery!

No! no! our young faces to such,

But, oh! we're too young, too young,

Overwhelming rest and death,

Down with Slavery!

It'll pierce every sky,

Rocked by the tempest on high,

Down with Slavery!

(Song by N. J. Garrison.)

### A LETTER FROM MRS. CHILD.

TO OUR JESSE.

"se, and had a pleasant sound  
3 am to the day when you  
and it comes home into my  
hands—those sweet issues. Now I see you forsaking  
elegant drawing-rooms for the fatigue and privations of a camp; and while you do service to your imperial country, conquering the indomitable energy and unweary industry of your noble husband, by adding to them your own; sympathizing with his large and liberal feelings; and by your full appreciation and equal freedom, justice and humanity. Seeing you thus, my heart spontaneously repeats the old popular phrase, and affectionately greets you as "our Jessie," the hem of whose garment I would stoop to kiss. The wife who thus cooperates with her husband in all his host-endevours and loftiest aims fulfills the prophecy of the poet:

"Woman sets herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words."

In the name of the womanhood which she adorns, shank—

the love of your able and prompt adaptation to the present momentous crisis. I cordially thank you both. Through personally unquainted, I have heard much of you from those who know you well, and, unless I mistake the elements of your character, you are individuals of the first class.

With the best of health—of such staff as we have to make storm stay-sails!

The crisis calls alarum for such souls. All the need of strong men and energetic measures; though few even began to comprehend the magnitude of the task which will be or will, upon all our power and upon the world at large. If we rightly exert the power which God has put into our hands, this may prove the last great battle, in open field, between the forces of darkness and light, of good and evil, in the world. The world is watching the combat with a more or less defined consciousness of truth. Enlightened statesmen, as well as upright moralists, everywhere perceive that this is no mere sectional or party strife. Their unerring instinct tells them that the *antislavery principles*, producing a projectile force which is to sweep this country into the orbit of a new era. And those among ourselves who have the deepest insight and the most sober thought, are fully aware that this is one of those rare and solemn moments, sent of God, when we are called on

To decide.

In the strife of Truth vs. falsehood, for the good or evil.

This cause, God's new Messiah, offers us the bloom or

bright;

And our choice goes by forever 'twixt the darkness and the light.

How strangely blinded are those who can see in this grand epoch only a game of temporary expedency for selfish politicians to exercise, and to court upon! The enthusiasm of the people is real. They were not so easily led, and they often more powerfully resisted. They love their country, and are willing to make large sacrifices for the sake of seeing it become truly great, united and free. But they have been always held in check by importunate considerations that have been sometimes of falsehood and need sound hollow in the ears of the world. The present crisis has brought the latent feeling into recognized existence and universal expression. The earnest wish of the people, who are ready to sacrifice all, is to see their country safe and entirely free. This will be brought about they cannot foresee; but they have faith that this war is destined to accomplish its purpose. The world is watching the signs of the times. They have been educated to expect, and as "iniquity has been framed into a law," the moral sense of many has been obscured by the fear necessarily arising from the presence of unfeared for evils, which bring with them undoubted legal power to abolish the iniquity. They take fresh courage, resting in this light, which God has flashed upon the nation in its hour of trial.

Can they not see? It would be drowsy atheism to say no. For never has the hand of God been so signally manifested in the course of human affairs. Seldom, indeed, does it happen in a war that one of the contending parties is wholly in the right; and peace by a truce which will also prove a rest and a respite, is to be had by the country really and entirely free. This will be brought about they cannot foresee; but they have faith that this war is destined to accomplish its purpose. The world is watching the signs of the times. They have been educated to expect, and as "iniquity has been framed into a law," the moral sense of many has been obscured by the fear necessarily arising from the presence of unfeared for evils, which bring with them undoubted legal power to abolish the iniquity. They take fresh courage, resting in this light, which God has flashed upon the nation in its hour of trial.

The splendors of our woods—so if our gorgeous sun had fallen from heaven to earth, and were repeating among the masses of summer foliage—remind us of the darker change which is imminent over this our Northern land. The sun of our country will be sent, strong and courageous.

How glorious will be the day when our stars have

transfigured beauty that angels might weave it from the battlements of earth, while all their golden hair is woven into the lofty chorus. "The great battle of Armageddon has been fought and won by the hosts of heaven—Hooray! Hallelujah!"

Still hoping and praying for the grand result of all the sacrifices and sufferings of the people, I will strive to awaken the moral sense of all, to make them realize even in my heart a fervent benediction for "our Jessie," and her brave husband, and for all souls who are kindred with them.

L. MARIA CHILD.

THE WOMEN AND THE SOLDIERS.

From the preceding Part.

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L. MARIA CHILD.

TO THE COMMANDER IN MISSOURI.

True voice, Farnoy, hath broke the fatal spell! Now all the wretches may, with busy hand, Wao, to renew it, each his ancient warr,

Our soldiers in the camp, field, and garrison, Put out the soul of me, and let me die.

They call for me to stop the song, and sing—

If this ye would, with pony hands, And I'll be glad to sing.

Yankee boys will fight it out! etc.

Yankee